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# The Mission To Overthrow The Dark Lord: **Swarriors' Assemble!**















Chapter 1 by Monorilakkuma

THIRD POV:

He was standing proudly, he sees a tall man who had good looks and a nice tanned skin. His hair neatly kept and tamed under his golden helmet. His body no too muscular as well, too muscular is disgusting as well so he is above average and not below average. (Not bad for a Dark Lord though wink wink).

Ah, yes...His golden helmet that was cleansed and polished daily for days and throughout the years it was kept in a very good condition. His boots are the finest leather in the Kingdom. His clothes are fine picked silk by the best tailor they could ever have. None could go and match or challenge his "fine standards" as he says and thinks so (Because he is the Dark Lord of course!).

" Ah, such a very fine day...To see peasants begging under the sole of my boots, begging for mercy. I love the smell of fear throughout the days I breathe and I certainly want more....Hehehe...".

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His father did not know of his own son's doing every day. Well, only sometimes he does. The Dark Lord's father is a very busy and important man in the Kingdom. He who holds all the power and leader of all leader...

It is the Dark Lord's father who decides whether he becomes the next heir that is in throne or not, because of this all three siblings has to impress and show their worthy-ness of becoming the next ruler that is to be appointed by the soon-to-be retired Lord himself in front of their citizens.

#### SKELD'S POV:

"What?! We have to fight in order to be the next mogul in throne?! B-but Father knows that I am surely worthy of replacing him! Why hassle to do all this? He could just appoint me already! Grr...That old man is nothing but a nuisance! Just die already on your deathbed! ". I thought to myself in anger and frustration, aren't there any way I could convince that dying old man to make me crowned head!

"I'm all filled with quality! Best of family breed between all my three siblings! And I am the best at swordsmanship, archery, battle strategies! I've got the looks and wits, I have good manners (not so) and etiquettes! So, what is the wrong and the less here? ".

#### Chapter 2 by Skeld



#### SKELD'S POV;

I removed my golden helm as I entered my chambers. It was a magnificent gold helm. Encrusted with emeralds and ingots. I placed it carefully on the granite column and headed towards the balcony. From there, I could see all of Mythica. All the towers and statues. The statues I will replace with my magnificence of course.

I felt a presence behind me. I turned to look upon my brother's ugly face. I had to get rid of him

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"Well. I thought I'd give offer you some mead." He said as he handed over the mead. He held his in the other hand.

I knew what he was up to and so I played along. He sat on the marble chair opposite me. I whispered a spell and lo! he was asleep. But I had only five seconds. I quickly exchanged the cups and sat back as if nothing had happened. He drank it unwitting and collapsed. I smirked my handsome smirk and called for Delacruz. He came running and went away running when I ordered him to get rid of the body. One down, another one to go.

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